



DARK HORSE
COMICS

STAR
WARS

JANGO FETT:
OPEN SEASONS

#4 OF 4 \$2.99 US
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BLACKMAN
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STAR WARS

JANGO FETT
OPEN SEASONS

RF
BACHS
2002
RAUL

STAR WARS®

JANGO FETT

OPEN SEASONS

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The events in this issue take place 36 years prior to

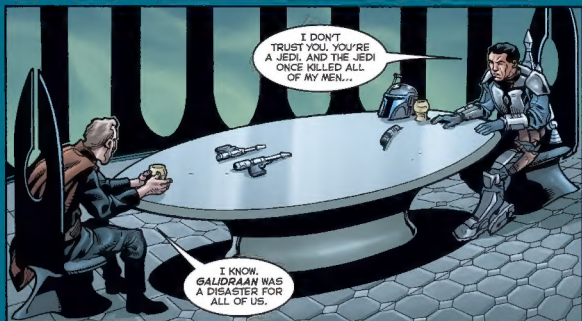
STAR WARS: ATTACK OF THE CLONES

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HOW?! I
SENSE NOTHING
OF THE FORCE
IN YOU...

DON'T
NEED THE FORCE
WHEN I HAVE ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC GUNS AND
GLOVES.



AH, CLEVER.
YOU'LL MAKE THE
PERFECT PRIME
CLONE.

I HAVEN'T
AGREED TO THAT
YET. I HAVE ONE
MORE DEMAND.



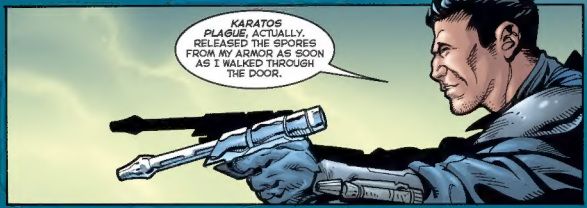
YOU'RE IN
NO POSITION TO
NEGOTIATE.

I DISAGREE.
IN FACT, YOU'RE
ALREADY
DEAD.



INTERESTING.
YES, I SENSE
IT...

YOU'VE
INTRODUCED A
RATHER VICIOUS
VIRUS INTO MY
SYSTEM.



KARATOS
PLAGUE, ACTUALLY.
RELEASED THE SPORES
FROM MY ARMOR AS SOON
AS I WALKED THROUGH
THE DOOR.





HHH. I
SHOULD SHOOT YOU
JUST FOR ASKING
ABOUT THAT...



*AFTER YOU JEDI
TURNED ME OVER
TO THE GOVERNOR
OF GALIDRAAN...



*HE SOLD ME
TO SLAVERS.



*I ROTTED ON A SPICE
TRANSPORT FOR YEARS...
UNTIL PIRATES RAIDED
THE VESSEL...





HE'S
FREE?!

IT APPEARS SO.
WE RECOVERED THE
SLAVE SHIP. THE
ENTIRE CREW IS
DEAD.

WE NEED TO
PROTECT THE
ARMOR!

I DIDN'T
SPEND THOUSANDS
RESTORING THE SUIT
TO HAVE IT STOLEN
BY THAT THUG.

NOT A CONCERN.
THE SECURITY SQUAD
HAS BEEN GUARDING
THE ARMOR ALL
NIGHT...



OH MY...

WHERE...

THE
ARMOR'S
RIGHT HERE,
GOVERNOR--



--AND I'M
GOING TO USE IT TO
REMOVE YOUR LUNGS,
UNLESS YOU TELL ME
WHERE TO FIND VIZSLA
AND THE DEATH
WATCH.

"THEY LEFT TWO DAYS
AGO, HEADING FOR..."



"...CORELLIA!"

VIZSLA...
I'M PICKING UP
AN UNIDENTIFIED
STARFIGHTER...

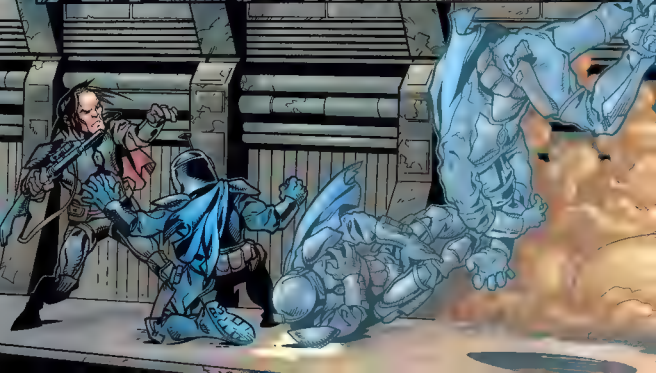
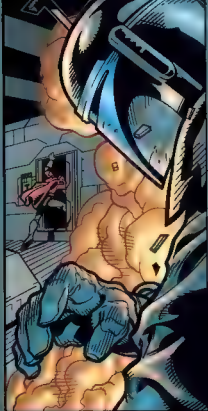
IT'S
APPROACHING
FAST! HE'S ON A
COLLISION COURSE
WITH THE ENGINE
BLOCK!

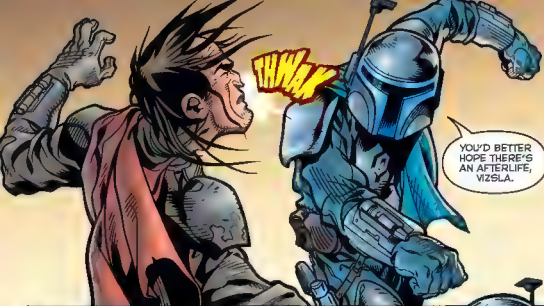


KABOOM!

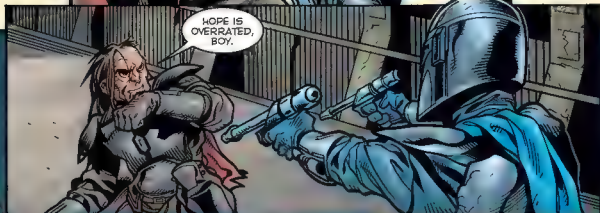








YOU'D BETTER
HOPE THERE'S
AN AFTERLIFE,
VIZSLA.



HOPE IS
OVERRATED,
BOY.



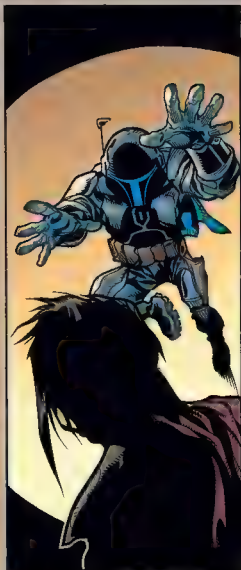
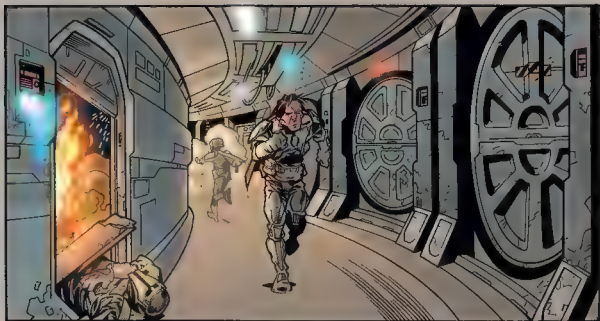
UNGH...

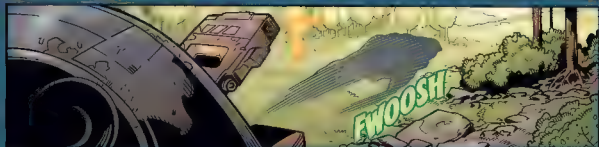
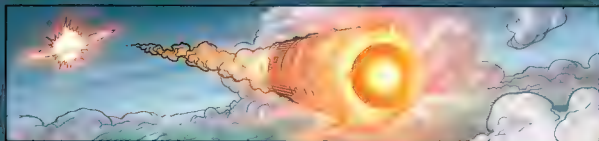
I GUESS
JASTER DIDN'T
FINISH YOUR EDU-
CATION BEFORE I
KILLED HIM...

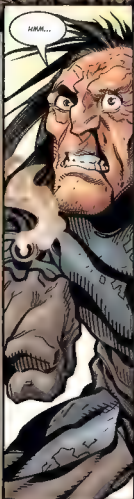


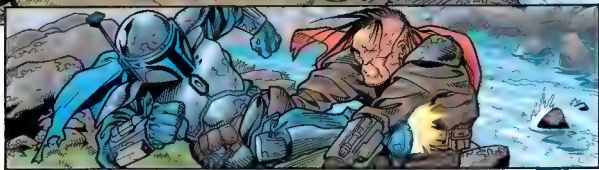
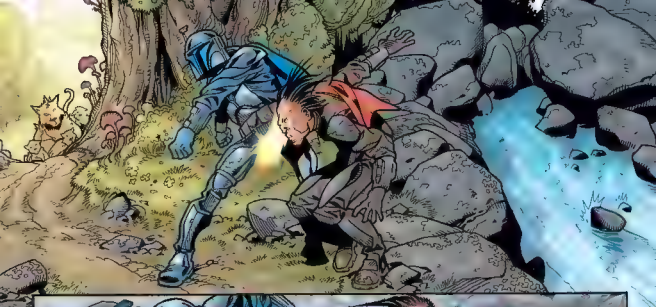
SO LET ME
SHOW YOU HOW
TO OPEN A MAN'S
THROAT WITH YOUR
FINGERS.

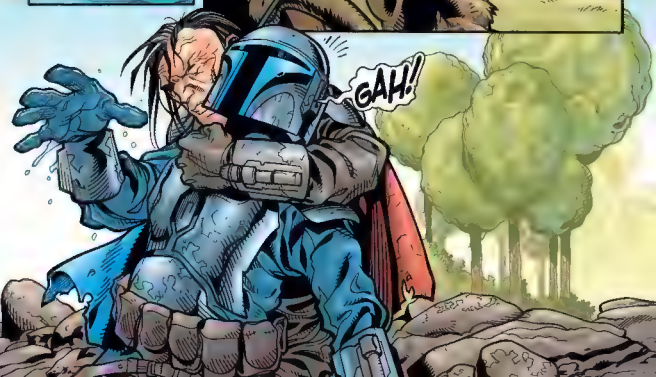
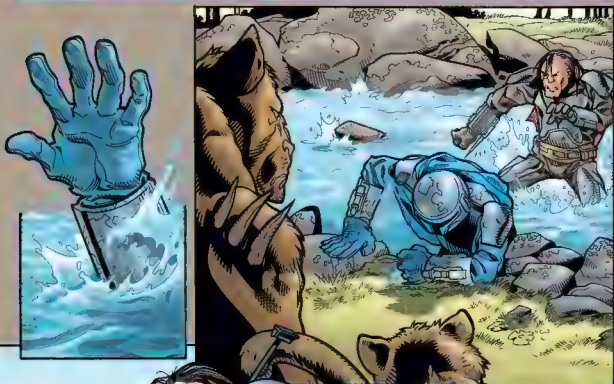






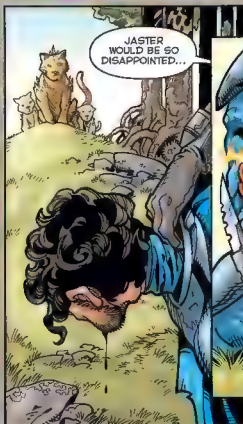




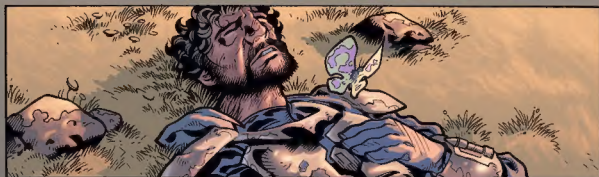


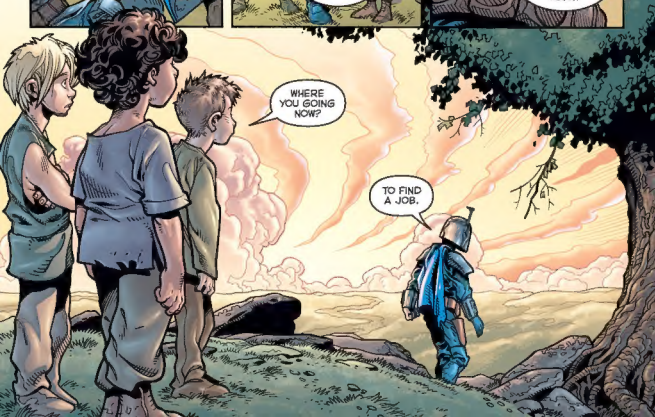


I JUST SHOT YOU FULL OF POISON. NOT ENOUGH TO KILL YOU...











NO
MORE ANCIENT
HISTORY.

YOUR TIME
IS ALMOST UP,
TYRANUS.



THE KARATOS
PLAGUE WILL HIT
YOUR BRAIN ANY
MOMENT NOW.




OH, I DON'T
THINK SO, MY
FRIEND.

IT HAS BEEN
A LONG TIME SINCE
I'VE USED THE LIVING
FORCE TO RESTORE MY
HEALTH, BUT NOT TOO
LONG... THE PLAGUE
HAS BEEN DESTROYED.

NOW I'M
IMPRESSED.

BUT I'LL
STILL HOLD
YOU TO OUR
BARGAIN.



OF COURSE,
BUT WHAT COULD
JANGO FETT POSSIBLY
WANT OTHER THAN
WEALTH?



AN UNALTERED
CLONE. NO GROWTH
ACCELERATION. NO
BEHAVIOR MODIFI-
CATION. NO...
TAMPERING.



I DIDN'T
THINK YOU WERE
THE SENTIMENTAL
TYPE, JANGO.

YOU
WANT A
SON?



NO. AN
APPRENTICE.

HE WILL
BECOME
JASTER'S
LEGACY.



VERY WELL.

YOU'VE
PASSED EVERY TEST
I'VE PLACED BEFORE YOU,
AND I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT
YOUR CLONES WILL BE THE MOST
FORMIDABLE SOLDIERS
THE GALAXY HAS EVER
KNOWN.

IN TIME,
THEY WILL BE
INSTRUMENTAL IN
THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE JEDI.

THAT'S WHAT
I'M COUNTING
ON...

LEAD THE
WAY TO KAMINO,
TYRANUS.

AND MAKE
SURE I GET
PAID.

END.